

THE

PENITENT SINNER.

*Behold, O God, in Rivers of my tears
I come to thee, bow down thy blessed ears*

*To hear me wretch, and let my eyes that sleep,
Yet never close, behold a Sinner weep.*

Let not

O God

my God

my faults thought great

And my poor soul betwixt thy Mercies Seat.

Lord remember

If thou be

I	come	not	Lord	wit	h	any	o	the	r	merit,
Then	wh	at	I	in	my	S	a	viour	Ch	rist inherit:
Be	th	en	his	wound	s	my	birth	his	ri	se my blifs,
My Crown	his	th	orns,	my	dea	t	h	be	lo	ft in his:
And	th	ou	my	blef	t	Redeemer,			Sa	viour, God,
Quit	my	ac	co	unt,	with	h	old	thy	ve	ngeance rod,
O	beg	for	me	my	h	opes	on		t	hee are fet,
And	Chri	st	for	gi	v	e, and willing,	pay	t	h	e debt.
The	linn	in	towel	I	f	thou wear,	O	y	ee	I knowv,
O	but	to	thee,	O	whether				f	hould I go?
All	o	t	her	helps	a	r	e	vain	e	grant then to me
I	am	t	hy	cross,	thy	f	aving	hea	l	th must be:
O	hear	k	en	then	wh	a	t	I	by	F
Left	S	in	and	death	fin	k	me	for	ever	more,
Lastly,	O	G	od,	my	way	e	s	direct	a	nd guide,
In	d	eath	defe	n	d	me	that	I	n	ever slide:
And at the	dom	e	let	me	be		raife	d	then	
To liv	e	with	the	e	sweet		Jes	us	Christ,	Amen.